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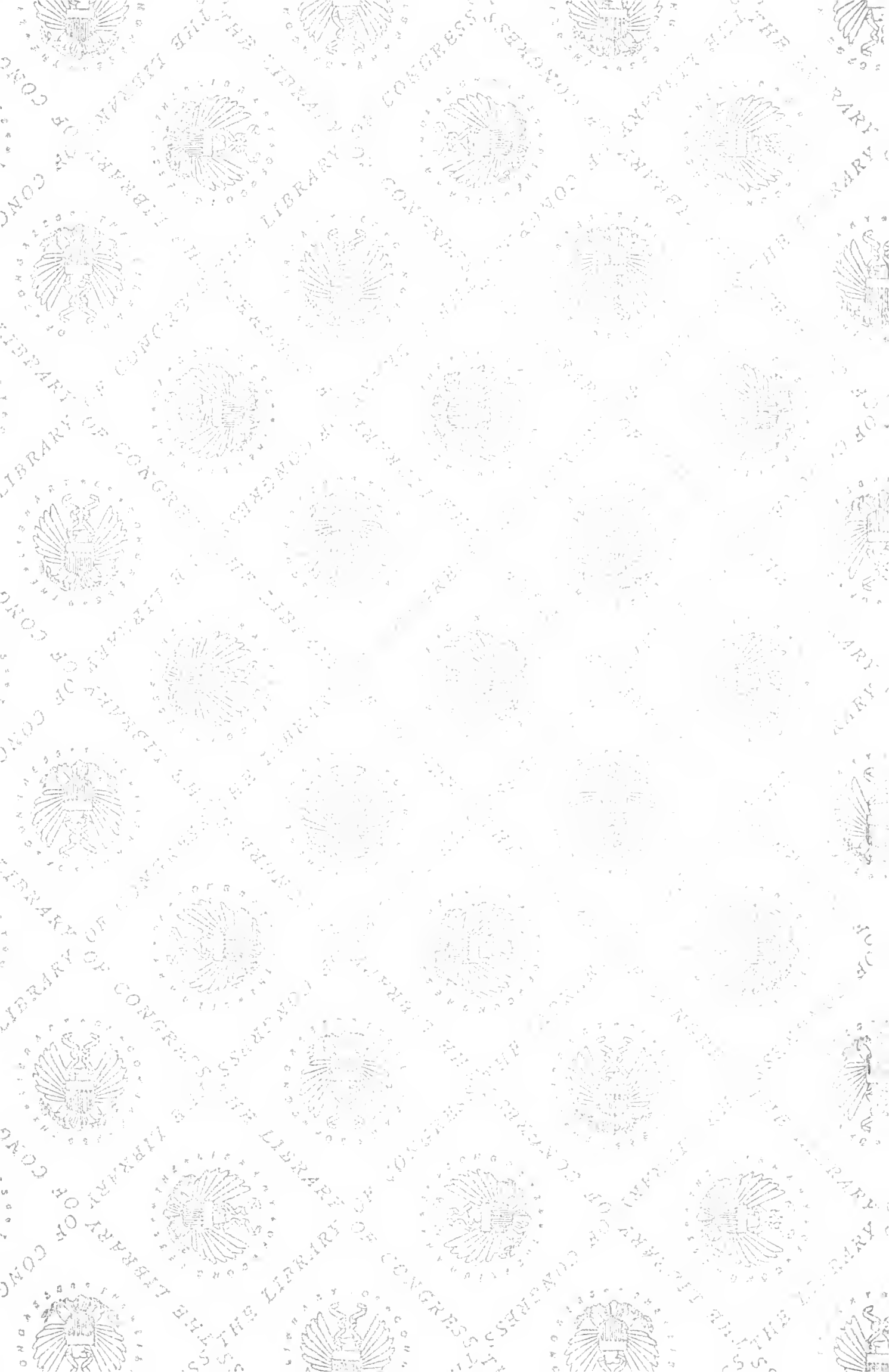
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“IN VARYING MOODS.”

*In all her varying moods she charming is.
When sunlight plays within her eyes of blue,
And 'neath the lashes, beams of joy peep thro',
As 'twere a morn in May—a chrysalis
Whence, like a June-time butterfly, the bliss
Of laughter shall break forth; when soft and true:
When serious the mood becomes, and few
The words; when thoughtfulness has come to kiss
Her lips to silence.—Yes, and even when
The clouds have gathered and the smile has fled;
When fitful gusts of passion seem to fret
And worry—when the gray days come again.
In joy or sorrow tho' her way be led,
In all her varying moods I love her yet.*

VERSES by

WILLIAM HAMILTON CLINE.

DRAWINGS by

ALBERT TURNER REID.

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TO

“**Yivette.**”

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“IN VARYING MOODS.”

VIVETTE.

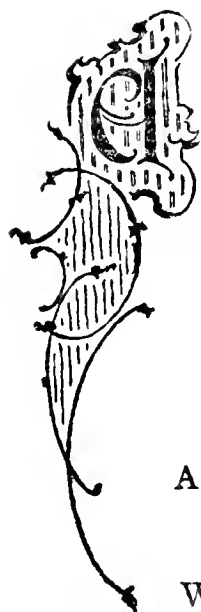


VIVETTE, Vivette,
Sweet as a spray of mignonette !
The breeze is not more blithe than you,
The summer stars are not more true !
The sunlight 's in your soft blue eyes,
So tender yet so shyly wise;
Your rippling laughter's merry note
Wells freely from your round white throat;
You are the dearest girl I've met,
Vivette !

Vivette, Vivette,
You dainty flirt, you dear coquette !
You are so chic, so debonnaire,
From tiny feet to sun-kissed hair,
Life's one long dream of love, with you
To strike the chord that rings so true !
Oh, happy days; oh, halcyon time,
With you to keep the hours in rhyme !
My very soul aflame you set,
Vivette !

Vivette, Vivette,
Heav'n bless the day when first we met!
For thro' your eyes, that smiled on me,
I saw the road to Arcadee!
And ever since, I've struggled so
To win your love, that way to go;
But you—you only laugh so gay,
So free, so light, and dance away!
But still—but yet—I can't forget,
Vivette!

A PRELUDE.



SINGER wand'ring thro' the world alone;
A heart that longs for others' love, and
yet
Has never found its mate—has only
known
What 'tis to meet, and laugh, and then
—forget.

A maiden glorious as a summer's day,
So rarely beautiful, so soft and fair;
Who scatters sweetness in her onward way,
Winning all hearts, and rightly reigning
there.

A sudden meeting, full of glad surprise;
An all too brief and happy holiday;
A tale unspoken, read in tearful eyes;
A parting, each to tread a lonely way.

* * * * *

Is that the end? Ah, who can answer give
To that vain question? We must wait and see.
This is the prelude only; if we live,
We yet may have the perfect symphony.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?



MY Phyllis asked me for a rhyme,
A story of "ye olden time,"
In stately measure;
And when I asked, "The subject, sweet?"
"You choose your own," she said, "'tis meet,
'Tis your own tale that you repeat;
Just suit your pleasure."

And so I wrote a bit of verse,
About a maid—I'll not rehearse
The story over.

I sang the praise, in choicest strain,
Of eyes whose brightness ne'er would wane,
Of lips whose smiles were not in vain—
I was in clover!

I sang of cheeks of rosy red,
Of teeth of pearl, of crownèd head,
'Neath golden tresses—
A net to catch the sunbeams in!—
Of snowy brow, of dimpled chin,
Of sylph-like form—how he does sin
Who so distresses!

For Phyllis, tender-hearted maid,
Pouted at first, then grew afraid—
How strong her will is!
"I hate your maiden! What 's her name?"
She asked. Said I, "Ah! do not blame
Me thus—I love this charming dame;
Her name is—Phyllis!"

CHRYSANTHEMUM.



NOT in the joyous Spring,
 When every living thing
Seems filled with youth and hope anew,
And all the earth takes on the hue
Of emerald; when e'en the trees
Burst into blossom, and the breeze
Is laden with the sweet perfume;
When crocuses and snow-drops bloom—
 Not then you come,
 Chrysanthemum.

Not in the Summer time,
 When honeysuckles climb
About the arbors; when the rose
Is queen, and all the buds disclose
Their beauties, and the world is fair
With loveliness; the former bare
And ugly ground is carpeted
With flowers in profusion spread—
 Not then you come,
 Chrysanthemum.

But in the dull, drear day
 Of Autumn's sombre sway,
When, coldly, cheerlessly, the rain
Beats mournfully against the pane,
And naked branches, 'thwart the sky,
Wave dismally, and make us sigh
For Spring's soft days, or Summer's sun;

When death is near and life seems done—
'Tis then you come,
Chrysanthemum!

* * * *

Thy mission is to comfort bring
When everything
Seems dead, and Winter's threatening
To wrap the world in snowy pall,
To spread his mantle over all
The youth and beauty of the past.
Thou art the latest and the last
Of all the blossoms, and the best,
O blest
Chrysanthemum!



UNCLE KORNTOSSOL'S THANKS- GIVING.



I WENT up ter ther city, yisterday, t' spen' ther day—

Thanksgivin', 'twas, y' remember—in th' good ol' sort o' way,

Wuth Hiram's folks. But, geeminee! how diff'runtly they do

These days from whut they did them times when I wuz young, an' you!

We laid abed till 'leven o'clock, then went to th' hotel,

An' met a crowd o' fellers, an' they'd yell, an' yell, an' yell;

An' wave ther sticks an' umberrells, an' howl like Injuns bold,

Till ev'ry one hed sich a voice you'd thought he hed a cold!

Then we kem home t' dinner—flung 'er down, jist enyhow!

An', "Hurry up!" sez Hiram, "doan' y' lose a minnit now!"

An' then we rushed 'way out t' whar some fellers in short pants,

Without no hats, wuz playin' at some kind o' new-style dance;

Whar ev'ry little while one feller'd run like all possessed,

A-holdin' onto somethin', an' a-follered by the rest;

An' then he'd drop ther thing he held, an' hump
hisse'f up—so—

An' all th' rest o' them would pile theirselves on
top, an' go

A-tumblin' an' a-bumpin', one on t'other, in a mess,
Till all th' breath wuz out'en 'em—thet's why they
quit, I guess—

An' all th' people, they'd stan' up, an' howl an' yell
an' shout,

But nary one cud stop t' tell me what 'twuz all
about!

D'ye know, thet thing kep' up fer nigh three hours
er more, an' I

Sot thar an' shivered in th' col', an' cudn't tell jist
why!—

Then Hiram sez, right solemn-like, "They beat us!
Come, let's leave!"

An' then we went back home ergin. All evenin'
Hiram grieved,

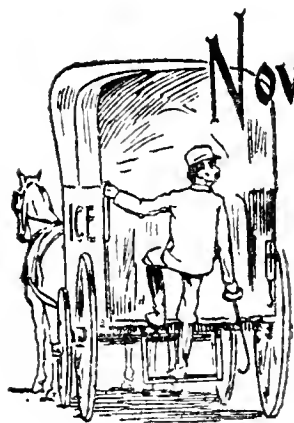
But, lands alive! don' ask me why. Perhaps in town
it's right

T' hev yer jolly time all day an' do yer grievin' 't
night;

But, enyhow, yer bet I'll stay down on th' farm nex'
year.

Ol' lady, we'll jist celebrate our nex' Thanksgivin'
here!

THE CHANGES IN THE TUNE.



Now is the season near at hand
When, Summer creeping on,
We gladly hail the iceman, and
His festive little song.
Note how politely he appears,
And mark his winning way,
As, bowing low, he asks, "May I
Leave you some ice to-day?"

But as the days go on apace,
And warmer grow—then hot,
How quickly all his manners change!
Politeness is forgot.
He slouches negligently up
The street; across the way,
We hear him calling out to us,
"Wan-enney-ice-ter-day?"

You think that's bad? Well, just you wait
Till Summer's really here,
When, with the earth all dry and hard,
Frigidity is dear;
Then is this villain's harvest, and
He gets 'most any price;
That's why he only says one word—
"Ice?"



ON WRITING ONE'S LOVE.

A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love ;
but to write it is to impale himself on his own
pot-hooks.

—*Douglas Jerrold.*



AND I, who've talked so oft of love to you,
In words not less sincere because mere
sound,
Am not yet held by writings—no, nor
bound
By pledge in black and white. But not untrue
Am I that only uttered, times too few,
Has been my love; tho', now the chance
I've found,
I'd haste to write the words in which I've
gowned
The fairy figures of my life's most true
And beautiful devotion. Ah, the things
That I would say; the depths of love I'd tell,
T' indite them had I but the cunning pen !
But who can write his love? In tones there rings,
In eyes there shines, what ne'er in writings dwell !
So I—ah, I must speak my love again !

WITH A STEIN.

WHEN the foam is on the beer, you know, and
life is full—of glee—

Just keep a place in all the fun exclusively
for me.

I want a corner by the fire; a little whisky sour;
A little song—a Träumerei—a pipe for half an hour;
A pretty girl to chat with and to “pass the bock-
wurst, please;”

A little fresh spring radish and a little lusty
cheese;

A taste of good Welsh rarebit that is made by
dainty hands,

And stirred up in a chafing-dish that at our
elbow stands;

A pretzel now and then; perhaps a little bread,
yes, rye;

A little beer that's very cold, a stein that's often
dry—

A stein that I can call my own, that's ready when I
call;

That's not too big and not too small, and not too
short nor tall—

A stein to stand upon the shelf and wait my eager
hand—

A stein with a capacity that's all that I can stand—
(I don't think!) So I send you this, in token of
good cheer;

In mem'ry of our good times when the foam was on
the beer!





TO J. M. B.—A TRIBUTE.

THOU art the fairest of the many fair;
'Twas on thy lips that Cupid pressed his kiss
And left his impress, and 'twas Juno this
Imperial bearing gave; 'twas Venus' share
To give thee form and feature, that compare
With none save hers; and at thy birth, I wis,
The Muses nine about thee danced in bliss,
That they should henceforth number ten! 'Twas
there
The Graces added to thy charms their own.
But thy twin eyes are thine, and thine alone!
Oh, glorious eyes, so tender, soft, and true;
So filled with light, so deep and calm and
sweet;
So like the soul they mirror in their blue—
So like thine own sweet self, my
Marguerite!

WHY IT WAS.



PERHAPS it was the winning grace
Of her sweet smile; may be
It was her wondrous lovely face,
A-smiling down at me.—

I'd fastened other maidens' shoes
Full many times before,
But ne'er had seen the one I'd lose
My stoicism o'er.

Why was it, then, when I bent down
Her Oxford trim to tie—
Just peeping forth beneath her gown—
No matter how I'd try,

I'd fumble clumsily?—I made
An awful snare, beside!—
Ah! can't you guess? Well, I'm afraid
I tied my heart inside!

THER DARNCE AT PEACH-TREE HOLLAH.

(IN ARKANSAW.)

THER wah a darnce gev heah lars' night,
 An' you jes' bet 'twah aout o' sight!
 They put some candle on the floah;
 The folks kep' comin', moah an' moah;
 Bill Johnsing brung er fiddle, too;
 An' played ther tunes; he wah sum few,
 An' he cud fiddle awful fine!
 Jim Young he called—kep' 'em in line
 An' kep' 'em movin', too; he wah
 The bestes' callah, neah er fah!
 They hed two sets, an' Jim jes' lay
 Clar back an' hollahed—this-a-way:



"Fus' gent aout with er right-han' swing,
 An' er right-han' swing,
 An' er right-han' swing;
 Fus' gent aout with er right-han' swing,
 An' swing youah pahdner back ergin!"

You ought 'er heerd that fiddle soun',
 An' seen us swing them gals erraoun',
 An' up an' daown an' up ergin,
 Then back ter place! Then Jim bergin:

“Lady raoun’ lady an’ gent so-lo;
Lady raoun’ gent an’ gent doan’ go!
For’d an’ back! Balance foah!
Swing youah pahdners one time
moah!
Six han’s raoun’! Balance six!
Lady in centah! Naow youah fixed!
Bird hop aout an’ crow hop in!
Swing youah pahdners once ergin!”



We kep’ ’er up jes’ that-a-way,
En’ raoun’ an’ raoun’ till a’most day;
Then Bill he kicked an’ sed he’d quit,
Er reckon we’d ben darncin’ yit!
But you jes’ bet ’twah aout o’ sight,
Ther darnce ther folks gev heah lars’ night!

HER VEIL.



UPON her head she fastens
Her dainty bonnet—lace
And feathers, and a rose or two—
Above her pretty face;
And all looks very charming, and
Has quite a winning grace.

But, not content with bonnet,
She needs must take a veil
And tie across it, too, tho' I
Object—without avail—
She says 'tis very stylish, she
Must wear it without fail.

So I submit, but wonder
How I will like it when
I come to take my parting kiss.
How ignorant we men
Can be! For, when we reach the door,
She simply—lifts it! Then—

TRÄUMEREI.

A SOFT yet stirring air ; a melody
So touching, so appealing, and so sweet
It seems like angels' voices, as they greet
The sinner just repenting ; yet to me
With one brief strain in Sorrow's minor key,
So blended with the rest, so transient, fleet,
That, scarcely noted, it but makes complete
The harmony divine. If "Sweet dreams" be
The mission of thy dainty song—if this
Be invocation for the happiness
Of sleep, thou, Schumann, with thy master
hand
Hast woven spells t' enchant us ; and we bless
The gentle Muse who gave to us this bliss,
And thou, who didst her message understand

A HINT FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

JOHN JENKINS was a gentleman of credit and
renown,
A resident for many years of staid old Boston town.
John Jenkins, every New Year's day, as each one
glided by,
Had followed the old-fashioned plan of "swearing
off," to try
To quit his many sins, to break himself of habits
bad,
But all without avail. For just as sure as once he
had
Declared he'd never touch another drop, he was
so dry
He couldn't do without it! So an antidote he'd try,
By breaking his resolve to give up smoking—or, if
that
Had already been forgotten, something else, no
matter what,
He would do to void the promises he'd make each
New Year's day;
And thus before the week's end, he was in the same
old way!
So on this happy New Year's, in the year of '98,
John Jenkins said unto himself, "I'm in an awful
strait!
'Twon't do a bit of good for me to swear that I'll
refrain,
Because I can not do it—I'll go back to it again.
I just believe I will not make a promise—no, not
one!

And this one time in all my life, I'll go in for
pure fun.
I'll drink all of the whisky that I royally d—
please;
I'll smoke my pipe, and lie abed, and take mine own
good ease;
I'll love the girls most awful hard—yes, each and
every one;
And I won't care a whit if all my work is never done!
I'll race horses, 'buck the tiger,' and I'll back a
'seven full';
I'll hob-nob with the ward boss—with the one who
has the 'pull';
I'll wear a diamond 'headlight,' and loud, checker-
board clothes, too;
And spend my evenings at the 'lodge,' if so I wish
to do!
In fact, whatever I desire to do, that same I will!
Now I defy the Fates—let's see 'f I come to any ill!"

John Jenkins started forth to raise a racket New
Year's day,
"To have a time," as he expressed it. Very strange
to say,
He couldn't drink his whisky—"made him sick," I
think he said;
And the morning after, too, I heard him tumble out
o' bed
About 6:30—"couldn't sleep," was all the excuse he
made;
He worked all day like any Turk—at night, when
oft he played

A good, strong hand, he lost each time that on a
card he bet;
He tried his fastest horse—she really hasn't started
yet!
The girls he wouldn't listen to—said they were
“awful bores,”
He wore his headlight diamond only when he did his
chores!
His speckled clothes were sold for rags; the “lodge”
was closed at nine—
At least, he came home early—that's the reason, I
opine!
In fact, just the reverse of what John Jenkins
thought to do
Was what he really brought about—I think it queer,
don't you?

But here's a bit of warning—you who swear off, take
good heed:
If you really wish to break your wicked habits,
there's no need
To swear that you will not indulge—note poor John
Jenkins' fate,
And vow that you will do *bad* things before it is
too late!
Then if you break your oaths the same as you did in
the past,
You'll find that you're the better man, and gain
your ends at last.

WHEN SHE'S AWAY.



WHEN She's away—oh, weary time!
Life's bells are ringing out of chime;
The days drag heavily along;
The hours have lost their merry song,
And actions all are out of rhyme!
Perhaps, with patience all sublime,
I should, in cheerful pantomime,
Commingle with the thoughtless throng
When She's away!

To heights of bliss some men would climb;
With other girls they'd flirt, but I'm
Not so. And tho' my faith is strong,
My heart is troubled; it's so long!
Come back; come back! Oh, weary time
When She's away!

SINCE SHE CAME BACK.



SINCE She came back—oh, happy time,
To hear her laughter's subtile chime!
The hours swing merrily along,
And all the day is one glad song,
For life is filled with rhythm and rhyme!
Oh, joyfulness; oh, bliss sublime,
I cannot tell! In pantomime,
'Tis known e'en to the thoughtless throng,
Since She came back!

Down from my heights of hope I'd climb
To give the world the news, but I'm
Afraid; because my love is strong,
I'd have her to myself; ere long
They'll learn She's here! Oh, happy time,
Since She came back!

GOIN' BACK T' KANSAS.



YES, I'm goin' back t' Kansas; got a farm out in
Cheyenne,
Whar I pulled up stakes four years ago an' went
back East agen,
'Cause times wuz awful tough them days; th'
winds wuz pow'rful hot,
An' co'n wuz burnt, an' water skeerce, an' t'
seemed like God fergot
Thet thar ever wuz a Kansas; an' th' mortgage,
it fell due,
So I pulled up stakes an' left 'er. An' I think you'd
left 'er, too,
Ef things wuz goin' thet-a-way fer you. An' wife,
she sed
We'd better hit th' trail fer home afore we all wuz
dead.
So w'en th' co'n wuz all turned black, and wheat
burnt in th' stalk,
I hitched th' mule an' started East, bound, ef I hed
t' walk,
T' see th' home, an' 'Liza's folks onct more, afore I
die,
An' thet's th' reason why I tuk th' road t' Illeney.
But I'm goin' back t' Kansas; she's a State to be
proud uv,
With her fields all golden yaller, an' th' sky all blue
above;
I'm a-goin' back t' Cheyenne, whar my farm is,
onct agin,

An' I'm going t' lift th' mortgage, an' t' put a wheat
crop in.

Fer th' feller 't' run my place on sheers hez raised a
heap o' stuff,

Jes' settin' in th' sunflower shade an' smilin', thet 's
ernough;

Fer wheat cum up like jimsum does, arter a spring-
time rain,

An' we 've got a bin big ez a house, jes' runnin' over
grain!

Yes, I'm goin' back t' Kansas; dollar wheat is good
ernough;

What's th' use of all this rantin' roun', an' all thet
sort er guff

About th' price o' silver, an' this yere sixteen t' one?
Thet don't feed eny babies, er don't mitergate th'
sun!

Yes, I know I wuz er Popalist, an' I may be one yit,
But whuther I'm inside th' ranks, er out, doan' yer
fergit,

Thar's many a feller hollers 'bout calamity an' sich
'Tain't got no idee what it means when ev'rybudy's
rich!

They say th' banks back thar is full, plum full o'
good ol' "mon";

An' yit th' harvestin' o' this year's crap is jist
begun!

An' whut th' people's goin' t' do when all thet grain
is sold,

An' they git hold th' money—well, they'll hev t'
plant their gold!

Yes, I'm goin' back t' Kansas, an' I'm goin' t' stay
thar, too!

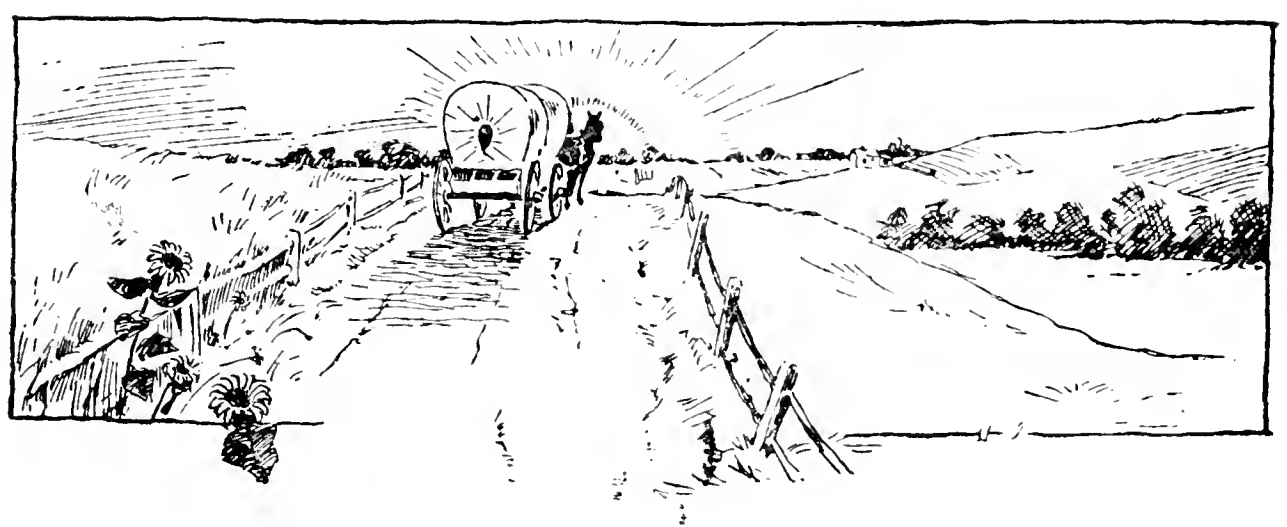
This yere thin Eastern kentry may be good ernough
fer you,

But th' co'n out thar grows twelve feet high, and
stalks hez two years each,

An' the wheat sways back an' forth, aroun', fer as
th' eye kin reach!

Th' sunflower's noddin' to me, an' I hear th' rustlin'
grain,

So I'm a-goin' back an' try ol' Kansas onct agen!



LOVE'S WARFARE.



THE patter of her little feet
Is love's own musketry;
As down the stair she lightly trips,
With saucy laugh and pursed-up lips,
Oh, ne'er was maiden half so sweet
As she!

The rustle of her silken gown
Is love's artillery;
As thro' the hall she swiftly flits,
She breaks my stern resolves to bits,
My fortresses go tumbling down—
Ah me!

She's here! No flag of truce I see;
The love-light flashing straight
From out those wondrous eyes so sweet
Her victory but makes complete;
My heart is won! Now envy me
My fate!

THE REASON.

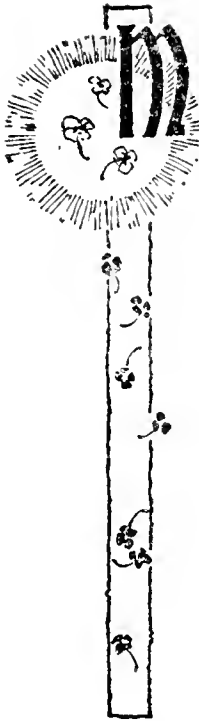


THOUGHT to send you roses pure and white,
For only such as they are fit for you,
Who are so fair yourself. And so a few
Half-open'd buds I gathered, glist'ning, bright
And brilliant in the early morning's light.—

“But these are red!” Ah, yes; I did undo
Myself and thwart my wishes. Tho' I knew
And of your influence with me judged aright,
Yet, bending o'er these roses white as snow,
I needs must give them messages to bear
To you, my sweet; and when they knew the
one

Whom they should render homage unto, lo,
Each blushing deep that it could not compare
With her, turned red!—Thus was the
mischief done!

IN A FLAT.



AIDEN in the flat above,
Shall I ever tell my love?
Never yet your face I've seen,
But you must be fair, I ween,
For your voice is sweet and soft—
I have heard it, up aloft—
And your footsteps, light and free,
Dancing, joyous, torment me!
Why do you go out so soon?
Why, I'm never up till noon!

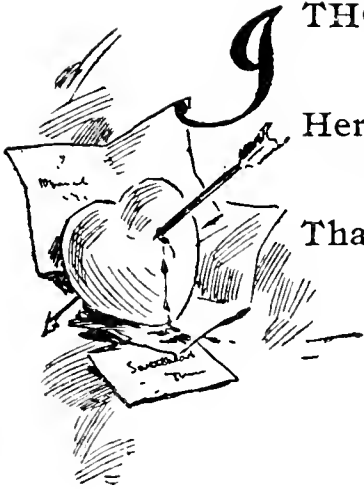
If you lived across the way,
I might see you, some fine day,
Catch your eye, and, with a smile,
Might your little heart beguile;
But when up above you live,
How can I by token give
You a hint of my regard?
Truly, Fate is very hard!
Why must Fortune, cold and stern,
Baffle me at ev'ry turn?

Some day, tho', quite unawares,
I shall meet you, on the stairs!
Full into your face I'll gaze,
Shy, your pretty eyes you'll raise,
And we'll read life's story sweet,
(That is, if we chance to meet!)

Then I'll claim you for my own,
Sweetest maiden, now unknown;
And we'll both live up above,
When I've told you of my love!



MY VALENTINE.



THOUGHT to draw my sweet St. Valentine
In all her loveliness,
Her fascinations and her wit—in fine,
Her wondrous perfectness,
That she might share the vision that is mine.

But I, alas! am so unskilled in art
That 'twas in vain I tried,
By pencil, water-color, oil, t' impart
Her features; and, beside,
Who can by picture show the perfect heart?

And then I took my willing pen, to try
To sing her praises. "Tho'
I can't portray her features that way, why,
At least I thus can show
The graces of her heart and soul," said I.

But, ah! I taxed much more my meagre skill
Than I was justified;
For tho' the heart was anxious, and the will,
'Twas all for naught I tried,
And rhyme and reason answered me but ill.

And so, perforce, I did the task resign,
 'Twas useless, quite. Alas!—
Then wit and wisdom did at last combine—
 I sent my love a glass,
That she might see my sweet St. Valentine!





TO A KENTUCKY GIRL.

(G. F. M.)

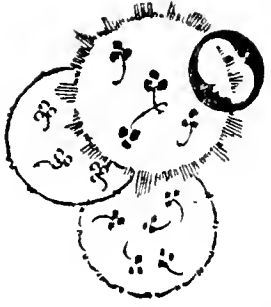
FULL many a time, with easy grace, I've
sung

In worthy praise of maidens fair to see,
And gloried in the joy it brought to me.—
So do I long to sing of thee, among
The rest; but, ah! my harp is dumb, and hung
Upon the willows, and my pen, so free
In others' service, bends but wretchedly
To efforts vainly made! For in what tongue
Can one express the half of all thou art

In ways of perfectness; or who can show
To mortal ken the depths of thy true heart?

In vain th' attempt; the task I must forego;
My heart's aflutter and my head's awirl,
Beneath the spell of a Kentucky girl!

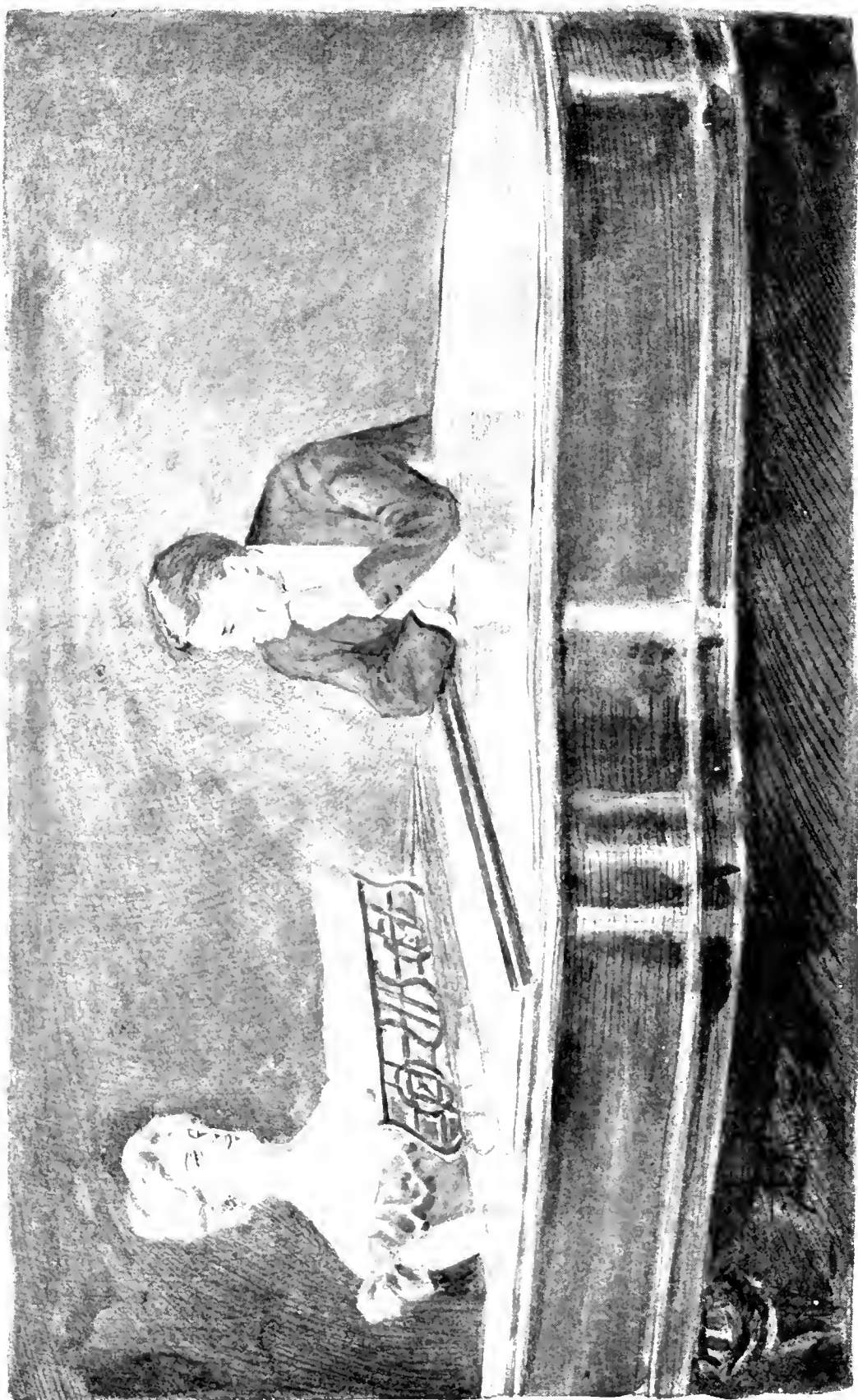
THE BICYCLE GIRL.



H, the bicycle girl has gone out for a whirl ;
Sing ho for the soft southern breeze !
She 's off at the dawn of a glorious morn ;
Sing ho for the whispering trees !
The birds in the forest are carolling gay,
And her heart beats response as she speeds on her
way,
Just kissed by the glint of the sun's first bright ray—
Sing ho for the bicycle girl !

Oh, the bicycle maiden of naught is afraid ;
Sing ho for the clear, sparkling eye !
Come weather or wind, she's quite ready, you 'll
find ;
Sing ho for the color so high !
On her swift, silent steed, with its movement so
light,
She rivals the birds in her glorious flight ;
Oh, who is so happy, so free and so
bright ?
Sing ho for the bicycle maid !





AT THE PIANO.

YOU swept your hands across the ivory keys
And called forth music, wild and weird,
Just as if witches, mortal-feared,
Were riding fiercely over lands and seas.

Again, you played a stirring, martial air,
That filled my soul and made life's aim
Seem nobler, truer. Then there came
A waltz, light, sparkling, brilliant, free from care.

And then—a love-song, sweet and tender—true ;
Now soft and low, now loud the strain,
As, 'neath your magic touch, again
It told the story, old yet ever new.

And as I listened, all the witchery
Of fairy music o'er me fell,
Enthralled me with a strange, sweet spell—
You touched my heart, love, as you played for me!

O MAD MARCH WIND!



O MAD March wind, how I do envy thee!

For thou art reckless, and so unconfined

By rules that sober mortals fain must mind,

That thou canst kiss her cheeks, that crimson be

From thy caresses, and care not, tho' she

The ruddier grow. Thou even canst unbind

Her sun-gold tresses—in confusion wind

Their glitt'ring strands. And tho' in fright she

flee,

Thou need'st but laugh and she'll come forth

to greet

And join with thee in thy wild gambol! Oh,

That I, too, might be mad; that I might find

Such favor in her eyes, so soft, so sweet,

As thou hast,—as thou heedest not,—that so

She'd also welcome me, O mad March wind!

MY LADY'S FAN.



My Lady's fan—how many hours
Of pleasure it must see;
The secrets of her lovely bowers,
The faint perfume, the scent of flowers
It softly wafts to me.

A dainty thing, of colors bright,
So fragile, yet so fair;
But she can use it! Luckless wight,
How she does torture me to-night,
And drive me to despair!

O, lovely eyes, how oft you hide
Behind that fairy screen!
Ah, now you smile—now you deride;
Again, you bid me sit beside
My Lady, all serene!

O, sweetest lips, tho' I am fain
To kiss you—if I can—
My softest pleadings are in vain;
You have naught for me but disdain;
You're cruel, 'neath her fan.

And so, thou dainty, trifling thing,
I put thee 'neath my ban;
Let other men thy praises sing,
To me thou dost but torments bring;
I—hate—my Lady's fan!

UNDERNEATH THE MISTLETOE.

UNDERNEATH the mistletoe,
In the fire-light's ruddy glow,
Standing there so young and fair,
With her sunny golden hair
Like a crown upon her brow—
Tell me, do you blame me now?
With her soft, sweet eyes of brown
Shyly, bashfully cast down—
Spite of all her airs demure,
You'd have done it, I am sure!

How those dainty eyes did flash!
How could I have been so rash
As to tempt my fate that way,
Even though 'twas Christmas-day?
But, beneath the mistletoe,
In the fire-light's ruddy glow,
She in all her loveliness,
Made a picture, I confess,
'Twould be hard to see unmoved,
When she was the girl you loved.

And the consequences? Well—
She survived her haughty spell!
Slowly all the fire died out
Of her eyes; the angry pout
Left her lips, and in its stead
I put—never mind! I said—
Well, I don't believe I'll say
What I whisper'd Christmas-day,
In the fire-light's ruddy glow,
Underneath the mistletoe!



HER SAILOR HAT.



ER sailor hat, so debonnaire,
She places on her sunny hair;
Beneath its brim, her laughing eyes
Shine forth in soft but glad surprise,
To hear me whisper, "Sweet, how fair!"

Her cheeks glow, too; the summer air
Kisses them faintly, gently, where
The shade falls from (O man, beware!)
Her sailor hat.

The shadows cast so lightly there
Make me the bolder, and I dare
Hope things—oh, well, you may surmise
What words I say, and her replies!
That's why I like to see her wear
Her sailor hat!

THE CRITIC'S CRITICISM.

Good men of all known prayers by stealth,
I wish you brave in your good health;
I find no truer songs reproof
Than that your joys, are in your youth.
Upon what theme I choose to write,
Let all commotion cease with strife.
I call to charm a little ditty
Of country round, or of your city.
“It seems in judgment’s narrowed hall
Man writes but little to recall”;
In faith, what’s wrote is seldom heard,
But by some Critic often blurred
In placing judgment all hereafter
May change the winds of Madagascar.
Too old, too obsolete a ghost
As failed to charm your reason most;
Exchange it, then, and with my peers
Do cherish what for future years
May be an inkling, bold or clever,
Perhaps from jolt (my poste haste) sever;
I hold because you have much wit,
You know, or did you copy it?
Some Chaucer, Iliad, of the hour,
Or revel in mirth, in Suckling’s bower:
But vain the lowly mind, to please.
The humble saint is on his knees;
Or what, in knowing dimmer things,
Or thinks in knowing, thus he sings.

Sweet Daniel, in his stepping-stones,
 Has more of virtue than his bones.
 Who fears no idle thought to flight
 Between the muse and that be night;
 Whose grasp of thoughts no visions mend,
 In hopes, in actions, Popes or pens,
 A leading light is ever new,
 And to the Christian ever true.

* * * * *

If Christian Presbyter, or Scot,
 Or right belief, we care not what
 In differences, some may say:
 Then let him worship his own way.
 Call faith's allotment kind repose,
 What's true of him, the kind he sows,
 If you don't think it bold or clever,
 Then blame yourself, or blame the weather.
 A Critic's bump will often find
 He relishes another mind;
 At least of some things, so to say,
 He looks for bombast—or his pay.
 A frown is given with a will
 To raze the action, gain the hill;
 But best I deem it none to sever,
 It is the same as best the giver;
 Although we deem he ought to know
 His readers are his Critic's foe!
 For, suffer everything to oblivion:
 The last will be the theme of Trivian,
 Or He who comes upon the earth
 On clouds, to quench all foolish mirth.
 It may, or may be no disaster

HER ANSWER.



ALL in white she stood before me,
Golden-haired, so fair and sweet ;
Saucily she looked up at me,
In her hand a marguerite.

I had pleaded for an answer
Many times, but she had tried
To evade me. I insisted.
“Let this speak for me!” she cried.

Then she took the dainty blossom,
Plucked its petals one by one,
Saying, “Now he loves me—now he
Doesn’t.” When at last ’twas done—

You would like to know her answer?
Well—no flower can compete
For a place in our affections
With the lovely marguerite!

HIDE NOT THINE EYES.



HIDE not thine eyes, my sweet, for in their light
Do I exist; twin stars they are to me,
To guide my footsteps in the way to thee.
'Tis in their depths I see the promise bright
Of future days of bliss—days when no night
Shall come to mar them, but each one shall be
Into the other merged—those days when we
Shall heart to heart the promises requite
Which now we make; and, doing so, shall know
What 'tis to love! Nay, then, my dear one,
raise
Thy drooping lashes—let the love-light shine
Full, free upon me once, before I go,
That I may hold fond memories thro' the days
Which must be, ere I yet can call thee—mine!

BREWING TEA.



SWEET Phyllis sits behind the urn
And brews her tea, and I
Stand gazing at her thro' the mist,
And—sigh!

For Phyllis is most obdurate,
And heeds not my request;
She will not let me taste, altho'
Her guest.

“Why bid me come to call on you,
And then not let me drink?
Is that some witches' draught you brew,
With charm and spell? I think
Your laughing eyes the charms contain,
Your rosy lips the spell;
Their riddle I have guessed in vain;
Pray, Phyllis, won't you tell?”

But Phyllis only smiles at me,
And shakes her pretty head;
Then—pours me out a cup of tea,
Instead!

And now *we* sit behind the urn
And brew *our* tea. And I
No longer need look thro' the mist,
Nor—sigh!

BEHIND THE CHAFING-DISH.

ONCE Phyllis sat behind the urn
And brewed her tea, and I
Had naught to do but stand and plead,
And—sigh.

But now her fad's a chafing-dish,
Welsh rarebits she essays ;
And once again I marvel at
Her ways :

"O Phyllis, Phyllis, do, I pray,
Give o'er that mystery ;
Forget your cookery, devote
A little time to me !
I have small chance with you, I fear,
'Twixt chafing-dish and tea ;
Oh, prith'ee, drop them both, my sweet,
And make a place for me !"

But Phyllis only sits and smiles
At my discomfiture ;
Then—at the seat beside her looks
Demure !

Oh, suddenly an odor rose,
Of burning cheese, and such !—
I guess I'll stop now, ere I tell
Too much !



A LENTEN QUERY.



N sable clad, with mien demure,
My lady fair would fain abjure
All worldly things.

To church she goes, on penance bent,
For sins committed; to repent
Her erstwhile follies; for 'tis Lent
This humor brings.

Which most induces thee, my dear,
To don this garb so dark, so drear;
Some pious vow?
Or is't that black thy beauty rare
Enhances, or a downcast air
Lends charms unto thy face so fair?
I wonder now!

SIGNS OF SPRING.

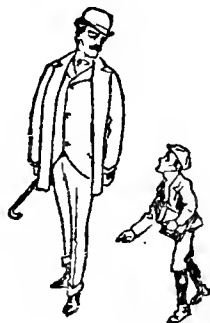
IN the country, as the Springtime steals upon us, each one looks
For the melting of the snow-banks and the babbling of the brooks;
And he marks the season's progress by the green upon the trees,
And the blooming of the crocus and the violet; and these
Tell him truly of its coming. In the city, tho', we know,
Not by buds and blossoms fragrant, not by little brooks that flow,
But we know it by the street-cries, and some special signs and
sounds.—

At its first approach, the "Dago" sallies forth, and this resounds:



"Nica banan, two for a nicka!
Slicka and smooth, softa and thicka!
Buya banan, coma up quicka! —
Mine Gotta! Who frew data bricka?"

Then the bootblacks on the corners soon join in the glad refrain,
And especially are they noisy if there's been a little rain;
They will hang about your ankles and get down upon their knees,
Hustle out their box and brushes, tune their voices and then tease:



"Give yer a shine, boss?
Only er dime, boss.
Do yer up fine, boss?
Gimme er chance.

"Clean off de mud, sir?
Fix 'em up good, sir?
Air ye a dude, sir?
Well, look at dem pants!"

Then the little organ-grinder, with the "monk," takes up the tunes,
And the side-streets all are crowded with young imps in pantaloons;
And the "monk" picks up the pennies, and the grinder grinds with
glee,

As he turns the little handle and 'most murders "Sweet Marie,"
While the kids and urchins frolic on the pavement in their bliss,
And the air resounds and echoes with their comments, such as this :



<p>“Git ont'er der monk! He acts like he's drunk, An' doan' know where he's at!</p>	<p>“Say, gaze at der coat! And der pants too, yer bloke! Say, where'd yer git dat hat?”</p>
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All these signs and portents tell us that the Spring is very near;
But we never are quite certain the coy season's really here,
Till we see in all the papers, which the little newsboys bring,
Oceans, worlds of little poems, each one titled "Gentle Spring!"
Slowly, sadly, we go through them, with a certain trembling fear,
But we thank our stars we've read them; now we know that
Spring is here!



THE HORSE SHOW.

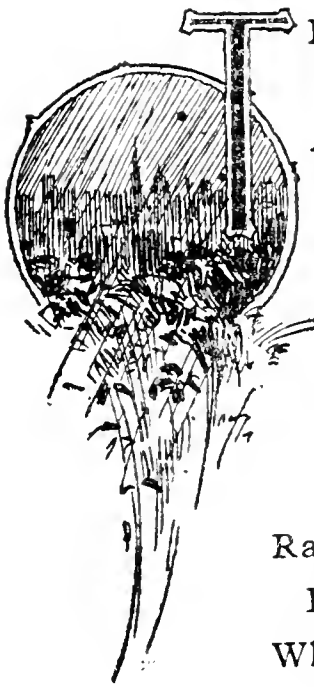
A "HORSE" show it is called, you know.—
We go, and all our looks bestow
On Her, for She is on display,
In gown so *chic*, in hat so gay;
And tho' the horses are not slow,
They have, I fear, but little "show"!

DAN CUPID'S MODERN WAYS.

'T WAS in Dan Cupid's younger days
That he was full of elfish ways,
And when his merry pranks he played
Upon the lives of man and maid,
Till they were fairly, firmly caught
In fairy webs which he had wrought.
His eyes were blinded then, and he
Was thus unable quite to see
Which way he sent his winged darts,
That pierced so many hearts.

But now he's grown so very wise
He's ta'en the bandage off his eyes,
Donned spectacles to help his view ;
And very diff'rent methods, too,
He uses nowadays, from when
He tangled hearts of maids and men.
In fact, he has quite English grown ;
So much so, he leaves hearts alone,
And now when he would have them wed
He uses *'arts* instead!

THROUGH THE RAIN.



TRIPPING o'er the dripping pavement
Comes my Bessie thro' the rain;
April's fickle smile she trusted—
Trusted all in vain!

As the saucy raindrops kiss her,
She looks up in mock despair;
Now's my chance! I ask her, "Will she
My poor shelter share?"

Rather small is my umbrella,
But 'tis large enough for two
When the other one is Bessie,
I think—wouldn't you?

Witchingly looks Bessie at me,
Brightly smiles and whispers low;
As I ask her pointed questions,
Says, "Oh, I don't know!"

But her eyes give other answer,
Show my questions are not
vain;
Now—we both own that um-
brella—
Bless that April rain!





THE GLORY OF THE GAME.

SONG to the football-players;
A song to the men of might;
To the winner or loser I sing it —
Of the battle that each must fight:

'Tis the battle of brain and muscle, the contest of
strength and skill;
The impact of brawn and bulldog, the guidance of
iron will;
The rush and the counter-movement, the quickness
of mind and eye;
The crash in the center scrimmage, that causes the
blood to fly
Thro' the veins of the many watchers, as the battle
is gained or lost;
'Tis the winning the thing they strive for, whatever
may be the cost—
'Tis the shout of the gazing thousands, the ringing
of mighty cheers,
As the roars of the sides commingle, to sound like
the sea in your ears;
While the floating colors of this crowd wave greet-
ing in sweeping fold,
To be answered in kind by the other, whose hues
make its partisans bold;
'Tis the screech and the blare of the trumpets, as
they add to the hideous din,
And the cries of the rival factions as they volley:
"We win! We win!"—

'Tis the dash of the long-haired player, as he rushes
a-down the field;
The snap of the "interference," the forces that make
him yield;
The "down," and the "wedge," and the "end-play,"
the puzzles that all must know;
And the varying tide of contest, as the victories
come and go;
'Tis the score standing even to even, and the weight
of the solid whole,
The grasp of the final "touch-down," the kick of
the winning goal—

Then, winner or loser, here 's to him!
For, winner or loser, who cares?
Here 's hurrah for the football-player,
And the honors and glories he bears!



WITH A ROSE.



O, rose,
Sweet rose,
Lie thou upon her breast,
And find thy perfect rest.
Breathe faint, rich odors unto her, as she
Admireth thee ;
Bask in her sunny smile, and thus unfold
Thy heart of gold,
That she may see thy beauty rare—
Then die! For thou shalt there
See one so sweet, so fair,
That even such as thou
Must in submission bow
To her, thy queen! Ah, happy fate is thine,
For thus to die is fortune most divine,
O rose, sweet rose !

THE SHOUT OF THE SHIRT.



WITH fingers unsteady, unnerved,
With eyes wildly staring and red,
A man stood before his looking-glass,
Pulling his shirt o'er his head.

Pull, pull, pull,
In luxury, plenty, and ease!
And still, in a moan of dolorous tone,
He mumbled such words as these:

"Noise, noise, noise,
Till my brain begins to swim;
Noise, noise, noise,
Till my eyes are heavy and dim!
Blue and yellow and red,
Red and yellow and blue;
When I try to sleep, the shirts are so loud,
I dream them the whole night through!

"O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
Upon your bosoms must rest the blame
And misery of their lives!
Noise, noise, noise,
Our eyes and our ears, too, they hurt!—
You call down curses upon our heads,
O fearfully plaid-front shirt!

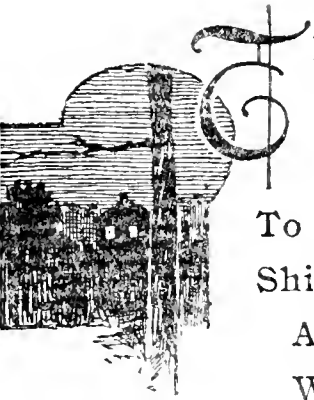
"Oh, but to hear the sounds
Of the cold world once again;

The music sweet of the birds,
And the voices of women and men !
For only one short hour,
To hear as I used to hear,
Before I knew the woes of a shirt
That shut all else from mine ear !”

With fingers unsteady, unnerved,
With eyes wildly staring and red,
The man stood before his looking-glass,
Pulling his shirt o’er his head.
Pull, pull, pull,
With language that’s lurid and curt ;
And still, in a moan of dolorous tone,
With many a grumble and many a groan,
He shouted the shout of the shirt.

DAY AND NIGHT.

A LOVE-SONNET.



THOU art to me the whole, the livelong day.
'Tis on thy cheek I see the first faint rose
Of dawn, soft shading, as the morning grows,
To lighter hue. Then as the sun's bright ray
Shines vertical I turn another way,
And in thine eyes of blue the noon-tide glows.
When evening comes, and shadows round me
close,
Thy dusky hair I gaze upon, and say
'Tis twilight. Thus I measure time and space
By thee. When is it night? Ah, when thou art
No longer near! For while I hold thee, dear,
Naught else but day can find with me a place;
But when I know thou'rt gone, with lonely heart
I bow my head in darkness.—Then night's here!

THE SUMMER GIRL.



SOME men there are who worship give
To maidens in society;
While others like the cycling miss,
Whose bloomers add variety.
The Bostonese bow down alone
To literary girls, *per se*.—
Well, each one to his notion, but
The Summer Girl's the one for me!

Sweet and saucy Summer Girl,
Sets my head in such a whirl!
Cool and white, and soft and fair,
Laughing eyes and sun-kissed hair;
Flirting, dancing, jolly, free,
Romping, playing, full of glee;
Breaking hearts—and pocket-books!—
With your tender, killing looks;
Kissable—and kissing, too!—
Many men your coming rue!
But in spite of everything,
Summer Girl, to you I sing!

Let others, then, their plaudits give
To girls who play the bachelor,
Athletic girls, and women "new"—
They don't know what they're living for!
But if you'd know life's greatest bliss,
Just seek you out this priceless pearl,
Make love, and win her—if you can—
And thank God for the Summer Girl!



POPPING CORN.

IN the grate fire's ruddy light,
Phyllis sat with me, one night,
Popping corn ;
Merrily the white-coats danced,
While I oft at Phyllis glanced,
Sitting there like one entranced,
Popping corn.

Far up beyond ethereal heights
Are higher heights to soar,
We shall not falter, through the play
Be deeply lined and poor.

Then light the fires and fill the vat,
'Tis only plain to see,
It is not vain in goodly thought,
The charm of mystery.

Who dives beneath the dark world's dross,
As emeralds yet to find,
Or oft his derelicts reflect,
The motive of the mind.

Yet not to pose but catch as can
In guise of evils through,
A blending with the Turkish clan,
As oft our failings do.

For what are words, but to express
The hidden soul we feel,
The truth that sitteth on the dome—
Nor makes our actions real.

The acts, the doings that be right,
A tender mother's tear—
Now gone, but yet we see the light
In yonder face appear.

A face, Madonna, so to say,
A face, Madonna, kind;
The active working soul within,
The motive of the mind.

As homes where children love to dwell,
The windows of the soul,
The heart's compulsion, and again
The drums of Babel roll.

No vain deceit of passions blow,
Yet unassuming grand,
The true blue of the ocean's flow,
Their beat upon the sand.

No stranded depths of torture toil
Upon so fine a sea,
Where mirth brings music to the thought
The deep its purity.

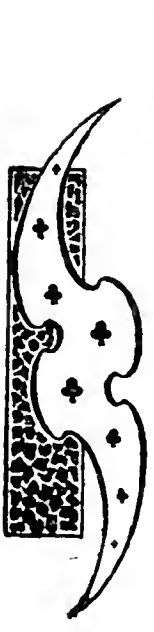
I bring to thee, O fair Louise,
And though the road be rough,
The emeralds of the Pleiades,
The laughter in my cup.

And you shall sit beside the stream,
Its brow and flowing brim
Shall open wide unto the day
From whence it floweth in.

These veins of blue in courses through
So mild a mystic chart,
Shall point the way to heaven's view,
And show thee as thou art.

The ringlet rays of summer sun
Shall mingle with the breeze,
And far from off thy vision roll
The wideness of the seas.

AN APRIL DAY.



O SWEET coquette, O changeful April day!
How swayed by joy or sorrow, peace or
pain!

Some swift emotion—with a dash of rain
You weep in torrents. Then a joyous ray
Of sunshine comes, and, bending to its sway,
You deck yourself with jewels rare, and
fain

Would dazzle us with beauty. Then, again,
Dark anger rules your heart; and, far away
At first, and faint, then nearer and more near,
We see the flashes of your gleaming eyes
And hear the passion thrilling in your voice
But while we tremble, hide ourselves for fear,
You suddenly laugh out in glad surprise,
Crown us with flowers, bid our souls
rejoice!

THE TRUE STORY OF WASHINGTON AND HIS HATCHET.



WHEN Washington was quite a boy,
His Papa said, one day,
“My son, you must cut up the wood
Before you go to play !”

So George turned in right lively. Soon
He had the wood all down,
Then started on the orchards, and
The shade-trees over town !

And then he cut the evergreens,
And lilac-bushes, too—
In fact, he tackled everything
That came into his view !

At last, he reached his Pa’s back-yard,
And saw his pride and joy,
The cherry-tree, and cut it, too,
This wonderful young boy !

Then called he loudly to his Pa,
“Come out and see the way
I’ve carried out your wishes ! Now,
Please mayn’t I run and play ?”

But when Pa saw his son’s work—the vast pile of trees, shrubs, bushes, treelets, shrublets, bushlets, etc., etc.,—and his beautiful cherry-tree, crowning the pile, he cried, “Who did this ?” And truthful George replied, “Father, I *can* tell a lie (if necessary). I did it with my little hatchet !” Then was Old Man Washington exceeding wroth, and he smote George a resounding smack upon his sound-catcher, and said :

“You naughty, wicked, awful youth!
With all your might and main,
Since you have cut the trees all down,
Just split 'em up again!”
(And Georgie split 'em up!)





HER PICTURE.

THO' distance separates me from the light
Of those soft eyes of blue, to me so dear;
Tho' banished am I from that voice, so clear
And sweet, so dulcet in its tones; despite
The stern decree that keeps me from your sight,
Still I rejoice, for near me, very near,
Your picture stands upon my table here
And smiles on me, as either I indite
The messages which I to you would send,
Or gaze at it and follow fancy's trend
Thro' mazy paths to airy castles; blend
My dreams of life with other dreams, that lend
To life a rosy hue. And thus I rend
The veil that hides you from mine eyes, my friend.

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

THERE 'S an air of hushed excitement hanging
over all the town;
And the streets are full of people, moving, restless,
up and down;
On the corners crowds are standing, all expectantly
they wait,
For there's something going to happen—each one
thinks it, sure as fate!
Up and down the streets are straying small boys,
brimming o'er with glee,
And their chatter tells the story, as they gaze at you
and me.

“Mistah, has ye heerd the news yit? Dey's a circus
kem ter town;
An' we's waitin' fer ter see de gran' percesshun—
waitin' 'roun'
Jes' ter see de clowns an' monkeys, and de striped
kangaroos,
An' de loidies ride de hosses, an' de ellerphants—
air youse?
An' de woman wid der snakeses, an' de hipperpoter-
mus;
Hey der, mistah, is youse wid us? Oh, sech joy—I
like ter bus'!”

That's the story—it's a circus—and you join the
waiting throng,
Help to block the crowded sidewalks, while the
“coppers” shout, “Move on!”

On your face is written, "Waiting"; in your air, "I
wish 'twould come!"
And your thoughts go back to boyhood, while your
heart beats like a drum.
Till away down past the corner comes the echo of
a cheer,
And you join the eager thousands as they cry, "At
last it's here!"
Then you gaze on the gilded wagons, hear the steam
piano play;
Watch the clowns who ride the trick-mules in the
good old-fashioned way;
See the lady twist the "snakeuses," watch the lions in
the cage,
While the man stirs up the tigers till they beat their
bars in rage;
See the ladies in the chariots, then men on horses
ride,
Hear the music, and the singing, and a thousand
things beside,
Till your heart is filled with mem'ries of the days of
childhood, when
The folks all went to circuses, and liked them. And
then—then—

"Hurry up there, little children; hurry up there,
you'll be late!
Have you got the tickets, Mollie? Yes, I guess your
hat's on straight!
We must see the old tricks once more, for the chil-
dren's sake, you know,

So we'll all go out together and take in the whole
blame show!"

Oh, the glory and the splendor! How the big tent
swells in air!

Oh, the strange, sweet smell of sawdust, how it
greet's you everywhere!

How familiar sound the voices of the sideshow
"ropers-in,"

As they shout aloud the praises of the "freaks"!
How you begin

To live o'er the days of boyhood! "Yes, we'll see
it all, I said,

And we're going to see the sideshow, if we do come
out 'most dead!"

Here's the same old "living skeleton," the same old
"rubber man";

And the "charmer" with the "snakeses," and, con-
ceive it if you can,

Two fat women! And the "princess" from the far
Albino land,

With the giant and "dwarfers"; and the "turtle"
boy's on hand—

It's the same old aggregation that you've known
from early youth,

But you're glad you came to see them—"just to
please the kids"—forsooth!

Then you go next to the big tent, where the animals
all are,

Creatures strange and creatures awful, brought from
foreign lands afar.

Yes, the elephant gets peanuts, and the monkeys
get a poke,
And retaliate by seizing your umbrella—that's no
joke!

Once again, in awe-struck silence, the "Behemoth
of the Nile"

Quite absorbs your whole attention, along with the
crocodile,

And the zebra, and the camels, and the horned
horse and such,

Till you say, in sheer amazement: "Well, I'll
swear! That beats the Dutch!"

Of a sudden, from beyond you, comes the music of
the band,

And you grasp each dazzled youngster, and your
Mollie, by the hand.

Once again the exclamations of amazement and
delight,

As the glorious "arena" bursts upon their startled
sight.

Up and up the tiers of benches, till you reach the
very last,

Well you know the devious pathway, often trodden
in the past!

Oh, the glitter and the glory of that first great
"grand entrée"!

Oh, the beauty of the ladies, putting out the light of
day!

Oh, the gallant men on horses, with their armor
polished bright!

Oh, in all the days of history, when such another
sight?

'Tis the same old story over, why repeat it here and
now?

You all know it, you've all been there, every one of
you, I trow,

And you never have forgotten all the features that
take place,

How the lady rides the horses, the embodiment of
grace;

In her floating tarlatan dresses, how she skips the
banners o'er;

How the ponies waltz to music; how they make the
lions roar;

How the man's shot from the cannon; how the
strong-jawed lady works;

How the tumblers turn "back somersets," and how
the heathen Turks

Twist around their swords and muskets, and go
through the lightning drill;

How they make the clumsy elephants all dance the
"grand quadrille"—

It's the same old story over—read it up or read it
down,

Even to the quips and antics of the same old jolly
clown;

Quips and antics that were ancient when old Noah
sailed the ark,

Jokes that Adam used in Eden, when he went out on
a lark—

Yes, a circus is a circus, ancient, modern, what you
will,
And you like it all the better—it's the same old
circus still.
So you go "once more" to see it, every time it
comes along,
And its memories cling to you, like the strains of
some old song
That was dear to you in childhood. In the deepest
mystery
Are its movements all enshrouded, and o'er it there
seems to be
An enchanted air still hanging, as there was in days
of old,
While its beauties still seem real, and its glitter like
pure gold!
Then here's to the dear old circus—may it still
come every year,
With its music, and its horses, and abundance of
good cheer!
And we'll go and take the children—though we
know 'tis all a "fake,"
Still we greet it and we love it for our own dear
childhood's sake!

A LOVE-KNOT.




N days of old, when knights were bold,
St. Valentine did reign,
And man and maid were not afraid
To follow in his train;
In all the earth, there was no dearth
Of love and courtesy;
Banished was hate, true hearts did mate,
And all went very merrily.

Alas! In these soft days of ease,
True love is somewhat trite;
No poets now, with knitted brow,
Their songs to maids indite.—
Nathless, I send, to you, my friend,
These roses, round which twines
A knot of blue—love-knot so true!
Remember, 'tis St. Valentine's!



INDIAN SUMMER.



A YELLOW haze hangs over all the land;
Warm from the South, the soft and balmy
breeze
Waves languidly the branches of the trees,
Which, tho' in robes of Autumn, brown and
tanned,
Yet hold their beauty. A belated band
Of birds, that seeks some fairer days of ease,
Ceases its flight, surprised, nor loath to seize
A last brief glimpse of Summer, soft and bland,
Yet all too fleeting. But the yellow corn,
The ripen'd grain, the sweetly smelling hay,
Are tokens of the harvest, and we know
That ere a day or two be fled, some morn
The bitter blasts will drive the warmth away,
The Frost-King ride in triumph o'er the snow!

IN LENT.



Y lady fair in silk and lace
Her lovely self did gown;
With jewels rare to lend a grace
Unto her dainty, smiling face,
Which never knew a frown.


But, ah! to-day I find her dress
Is very different:
A garb of sombre hue, t' express
Her penitence and deep distress,
For she is—keeping Lent!

My lady fair did find delight
In much frivolity;
She danced and sang from morn till night,
No butterfly so gay, so bright,
So full of life as she!

But, ah! to-day I find that she
Is very different:
An air of grave solemnity
Hangs 'round her, and I plainly see
That she is—keeping Lent!

Then pray for me, fair devotee,
For I am sore distress'd!
In truth, I can't, for life of me,
'Twixt moods of grief and gaiety,
Tell which I like the best!

SUMMER LOVES.



WHEN the moon hangs deep in the summer sky,
And the waves lap low on the shore;
When the whispering wind, coming soft from the
south,
Croons the same song o'er and o'er;
When the twilight, stealing out of the east,
Wraps the world in its fairy thrall,
Is it any wonder that Love, the elf,
Should gather the hearts of one and all
In the net cast by himself?

For men will be lovers and maids be won
While runs the world aright;
And what is so fond, so dear, so sweet,
As the love of a summer night?

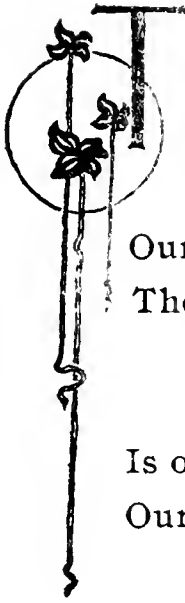
When the sun shines out of the burnished sky
Like a glittering disc of brass;
When the gleaming stretches of ocean strand
Dazzle your eyes as you pass;
When the waves rush back from the hard white
sands,
Hissing like 'scaping steam,
Is it any wonder that he who will
Then speak of love should find it a dream,
Requiting him only ill?

For men will be faithless and maids untrue
While wags the world away;
And what is so brief, so false, so fleet.
As the love of a summer day?

When the stars that 'broider the robe of eve
Shine out in the clear, calm sky,
Or twinkle and blink to the fleecy clouds
That kiss them as they pass by;
When the crescent sweep of the sandy beach
Turns to silver and then to gold,
Be not discouraged, but once again
Tell the same sweet story that ne'er grows old,
And you'll tell it not in vain.

Tho' the loves of a summer's day prove false,
And their memories bitter quite,
Remember, there 's balm for the cruellest wounds
In the loves of a summer's night.

THE PERFECT FRIEND.



THE one to whom we come with all our woes,
Quite sure that he will gladly help us bear
Our burdens, and the one with whom we
share
Our joys, that they new pleasures may disclose;
The one in whom, instinctive, we repose
Our confidence most fully—in whose care
'Tis safe—of whom we always think that there
Is one who understands us truly, knows
Our weakness, gives the sympathy we crave,
Or crowns our poor success with earnest praise;
Who patiently picks up the straggling end
Of life's oft-tangled thread, and, gay or grave,
Across the warp and woof of our poor days
Weaves golden lines—this is the perfect friend.

ARCADEE.

I.



WOULDST thou journey, sweet, with me
To the land of Arcadee?
To that land of poet's song,
There to idle all day long
With the fountains and the flowers,
While the happy, lightsome hours
Flit so swiftly, heedlessly—
Wouldst thou go to Arcadee?

II.

Ah, but, sweetheart, how can we
Journey both to Arcadee?
There do I go oft alone,
Oft its pleasures I have known,
But thou canst not go there, too,
For 'tis in thine eyes of blue,
When they shine with love for me,
That I find my Arcadee!

LIFE.

Life is a book
Of clean white pages, given us at birth,
Wherein to write the record of our lives,
The record that beyond us still survives,
The story of our pilgrimage on earth.

Our ev'ry deed
Each day we take the pencil and indite
On a new page—our wishes, hopes, and fears,
For good or ill. And so, on thro' the years,
The record grows, of ev'ry day and night.

We may not look
At what we once have therein written, but
Thro' memory; nor may we e'er erase
A single thing that therein has its place.
When all is finished, then our book is shut.

O soul, take heed
That in thy life's book naught shall e'er offend !
Have then a care about thine ev'ry act,
That thy book's beauty may appear intact,
Nor blot nor blemish mar it, to the end!

AFTERMATH.



THESE things are yours and mine forevermore:

A sweep of river glim'ring thro' the trees
That murmur softly in the summer breeze;

A fading twilight, and a moon, to pour
Her silver radiance all the hillside o'er;

One glowing star; a rocky cliff; and these
Filled with a hush of June-tide melodies.

Then—two, who, hand in hand, left Life's stern
shore,

And, wafted on the ocean of Romance,
Sailed thus to Love's own land of happiness.

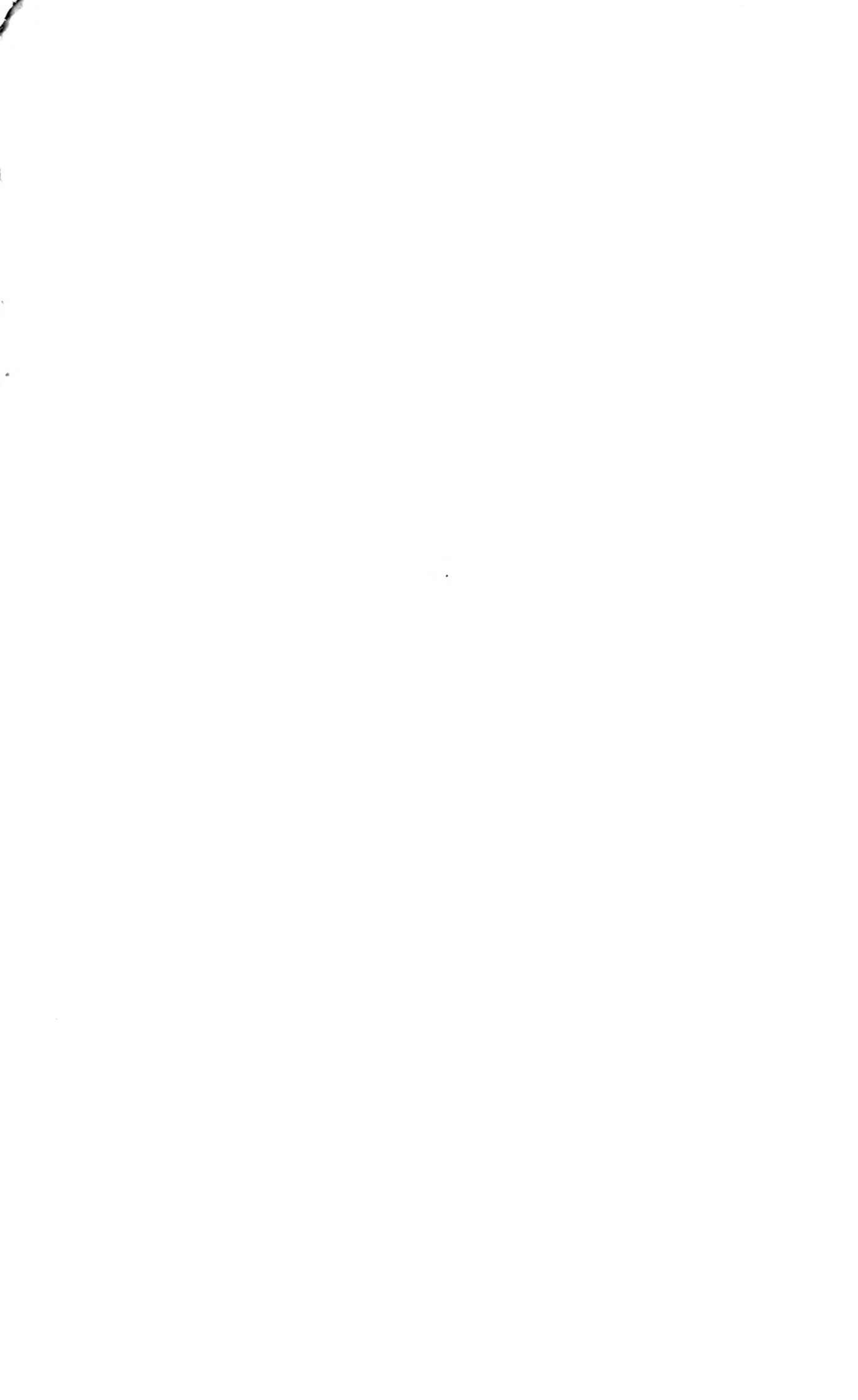
Oh, whisper'd words! Oh, wet eye and fond
glance!

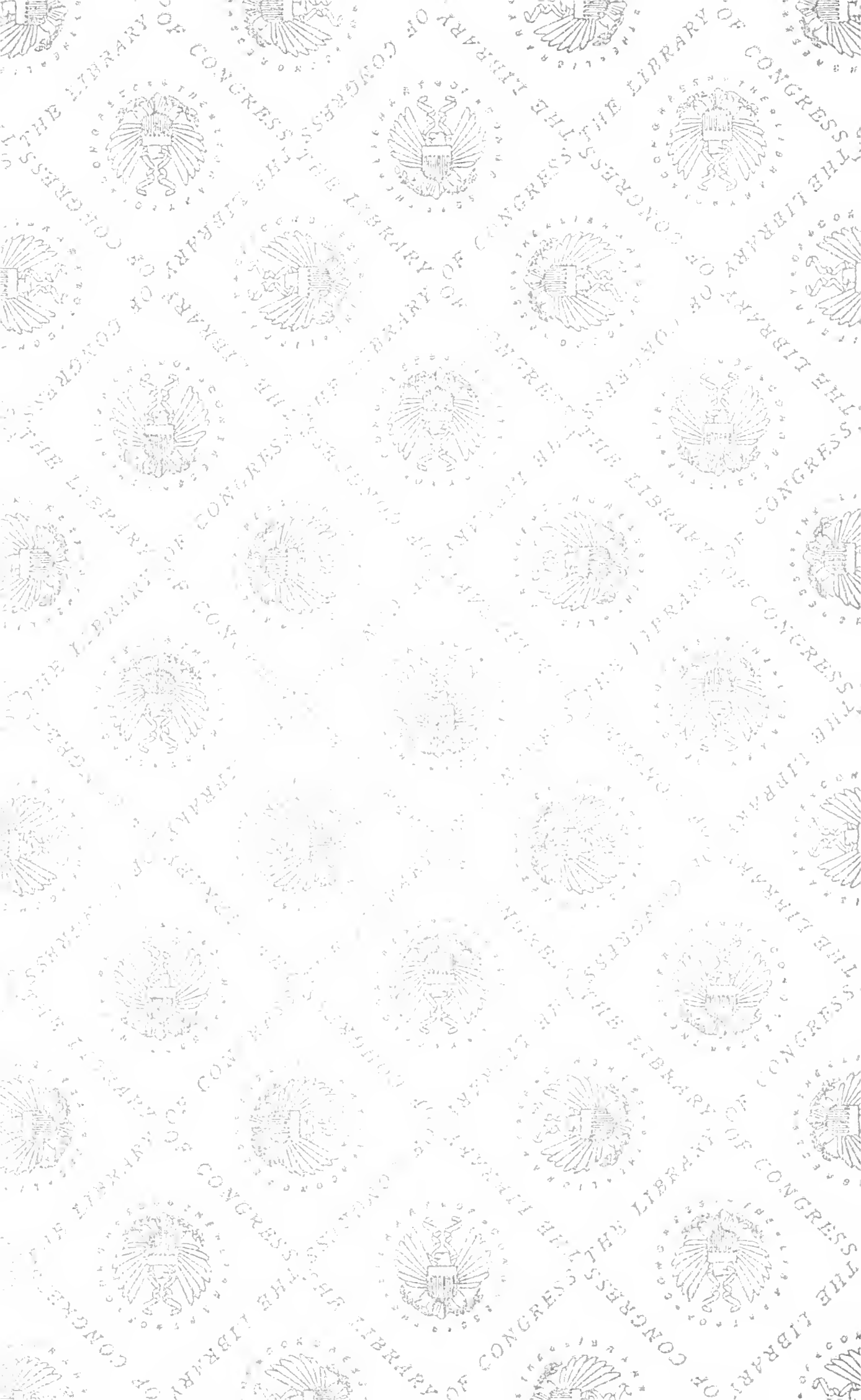
Oh, promise dear! Oh, glad time, all too
fleet!

Come good or ill—tho' Fate may mar or
bless,

These things are yours and mine forever,
sweet!

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